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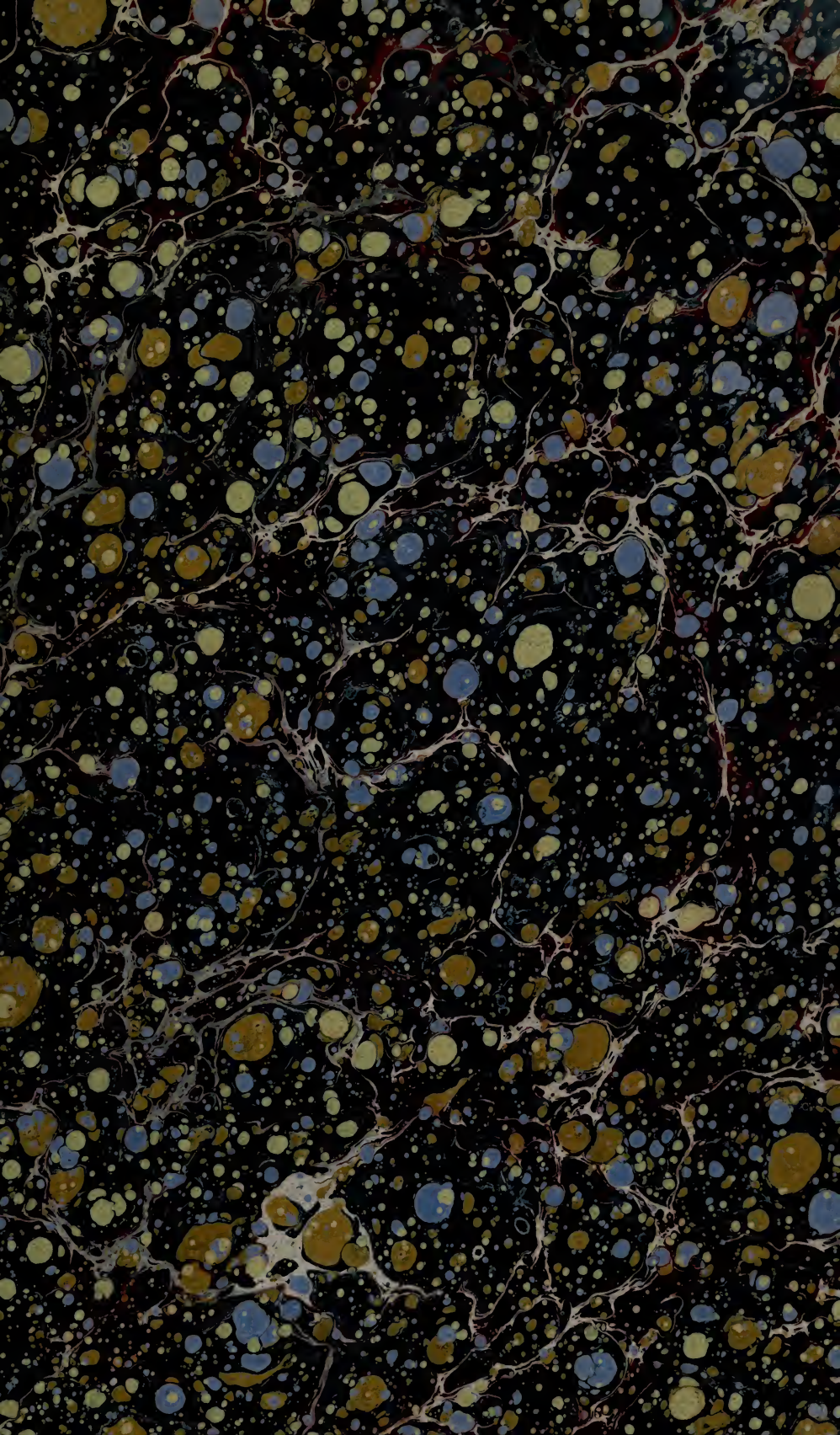

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Julien D. Hayne

NA-KUPUNA

The Hawaiian Legend of Creation

BY

JULIEN DARWIN HAYNE

PAGES ILLUMINATED BY VIGGO JACOBSEN

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"How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

SAN FRANCISCO:
WILLIAM DOXEY
1896

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BY

JULIEN DARWIN HAYNE

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PREFACE.

Is my language original matter?
Is the plan of this story my own?—
I answer, my claim 's for the latter;
The words used in telling unknown.
If the reader finds any he's met with before,
Familiar and loved—used by writers of yore—
Please credit them all, in such manner and measure,
As, reading my story, will give you most pleasure.

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DEDICATORY.

Aloha! fair Hawaii,
A song to thee I sing—
Thou land of endless summer
And ceaseless, blooming spring.
Aloha! land of sunshine,
Of beauty, warmth and rest—
Some day may thy people
By God be saved and bless'd.

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NA·KUPUNA.

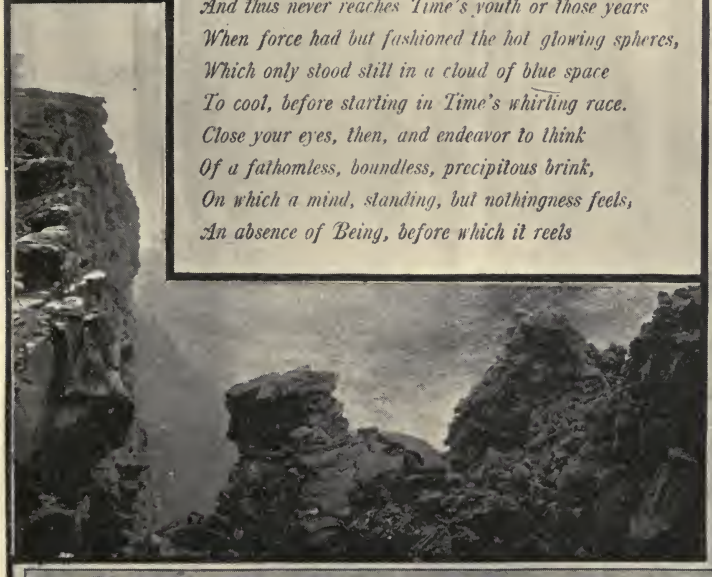
THE·HAWAIIAN·LEGEND ·OF·CREATION·

by JULIEN D. HAYNE.

ILLUSTRATIONS·ARRANGED·BY·VIGGO·JACOBSEN.

Part the First.

THIS *Legend commences in long ago time,*
High over the Past agile Thought cannot climb;
For even swift Thought, after millions of ages,
Becomes travel-blinded and in chaos rages,
And thus never reaches Time's youth or those years
When force had but fashioned the hot glowing spheres,
Which only stood still in a cloud of blue space
To cool, before starting in Time's whirling race.
Close your eyes, then, and endeavor to think
Of a fathomless, boundless, precipitous brink,
On which a mind, standing, but nothingness feels,
An absence of Being, before which it reels



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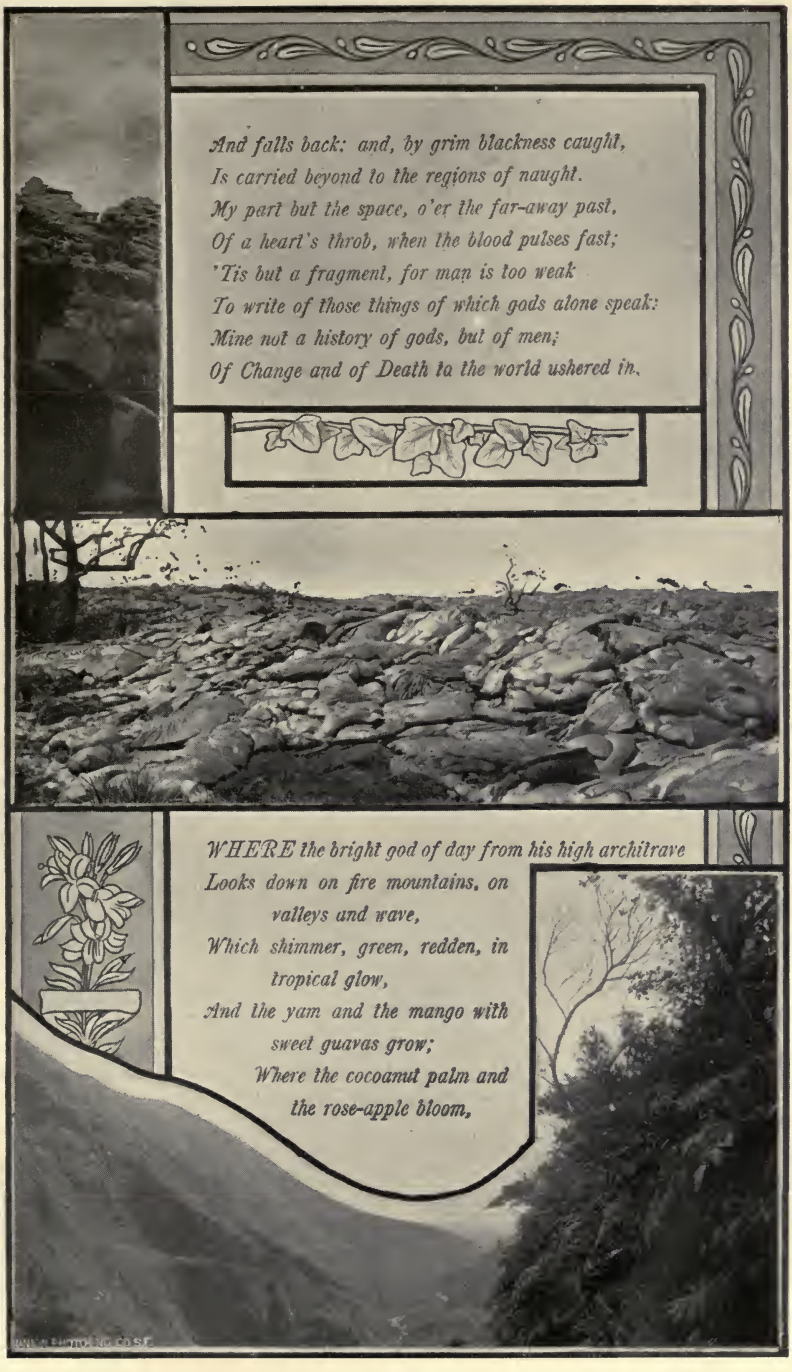
And falls back: and, by grim blackness caught,
Is carried beyond to the regions of naught.
My part but the space, o'er the far-away past,
Of a heart's throb, when the blood pulses fast;
'Tis but a fragment, for man is too weak
To write of those things of which gods alone speak:
Mine not a history of gods, but of men;
Of Change and of Death to the world ushered in.
WHERE the bright god of day from his high architrave
Looks down on fire mountains, on
valleys and wave,
Which shimmer, green, redden, in
tropical glow,
And the yam and the mango with
sweet guavas grow;
Where the cocoanut palm and
the rose-apple bloom,

And life is one long, sunny, still afternoon;
In the land of Wakea, of flowers and song,
Lies Maui, whose shores from Wailuku along,
Are bounded by coral reefs, tinted with rose,
Like the peaks of tall Mauna, when over it goes
The smile of the morning which wakens the night,
And floods vale and ravine with rivers of light.

HERE dwelt the gods when the stars first shone through
The dim mists of distance with canopy blue,
And all this fair earth lay hidden beneath
The beryl-green waters of Creation's Leth';
When never was pain, woe, weakness or age,

Nor Death, with his greedy, insatiable rage,
But life was unpanged; there was quiet and rest
On Haleakala, the mount of the bless'd.
No darkness was then, for the mountain's high brow
Was crowned by the towers of a Halemaumau;
And when the day-god sank to sleep in the west,
The light from its fountains in new colors dress'd
The koa and palm; new shades of delight
Came into the Day; no phantoms had Night.
Here were silver-bright streams, which ran with a song
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To gladden the sea. There was no sin or wrong;
For monarch and slave in this isle were unknown;
All men were gods, all gods men alone.

AT IAO, a valley of beauty supreme,
O'erlooked, walled by mountains, fern-plumed and serene,
Where thousands of waterfalls cool the warm air,
And a bow multi-colored, with promises rare,
Is shadowed forever from mountain to sea
And back, in a vision of joys yet to be;
Where the sky floats on high, a veil of blue haze,
While below through the valley, by bloom-bordered ways,
Glints, now in the sunshine and now disappears,

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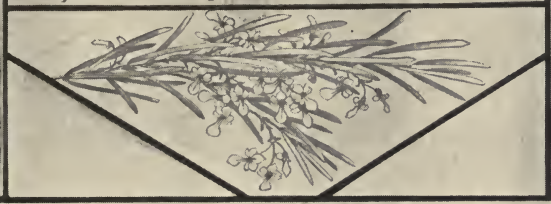
A bright stream which warbles through long summer years,
Dwelt Io, high goddess of reason and light,
Fair as the morning, when hope is all bright,
And the soul through the eyes looks abroad o'er the world
To catch the faint gleam of the splendor that's hurled
From the car of the sun, and radiates then
To sweeten and hallow the lives of all men.

Every high god gave his mind and his heart
To fashion her palace beyond earthly art
Of description. Here one saw the work of the hand
Which Purity guides; Tranquility there waved her wand;
While Wisdom and Truth their combined strength displayed
In building the walls which to Love fondly raised;
And the great Sovereign God, who guards great and small,
Adorned, beautified and embellished it all.
And the goddess of Nature, as gardener, laid
Out every lawn, each slope and each glade;
With fairest of roses each pathway was hemmed;

With violets modest each border was gemmed;
And the blue hyacinth like a pyramid shone
From gardens of blossoms, from which there was one
Soft sigh of fragrance from flower and bloom,
Which spread o'er the valley in sweetest perfume.
Io dwelt here while the ages grew old,
Without thought of sorrow, with no use for gold;
For, attended by Modesty, gentle and calm;
Life's rose had no prickle, and needed no balm.



Part the Second

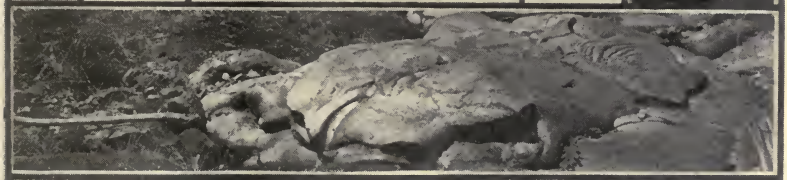
BY WAILUKU were baths for the gods of the sea,
The walls of red coral, the sands pebble-free;
And here every day came Io to lave
In the sea and be kissed by each amber clear wave,
As it followed its mate to expire on the shore

In a murmur of bliss, to return nevermore;
Here the soft waters teemed with ocean life then,
The shark and the puhi, the dolphin, mermen;
And none were the prey of the others who ate
Even a brother their hunger to sate;
But they flashed and they swam, as to Io they came,
Joyous as Freedom before she'd a name;
And they sported and spun through the silvery spray,
Gladsome with life in life's longest day.

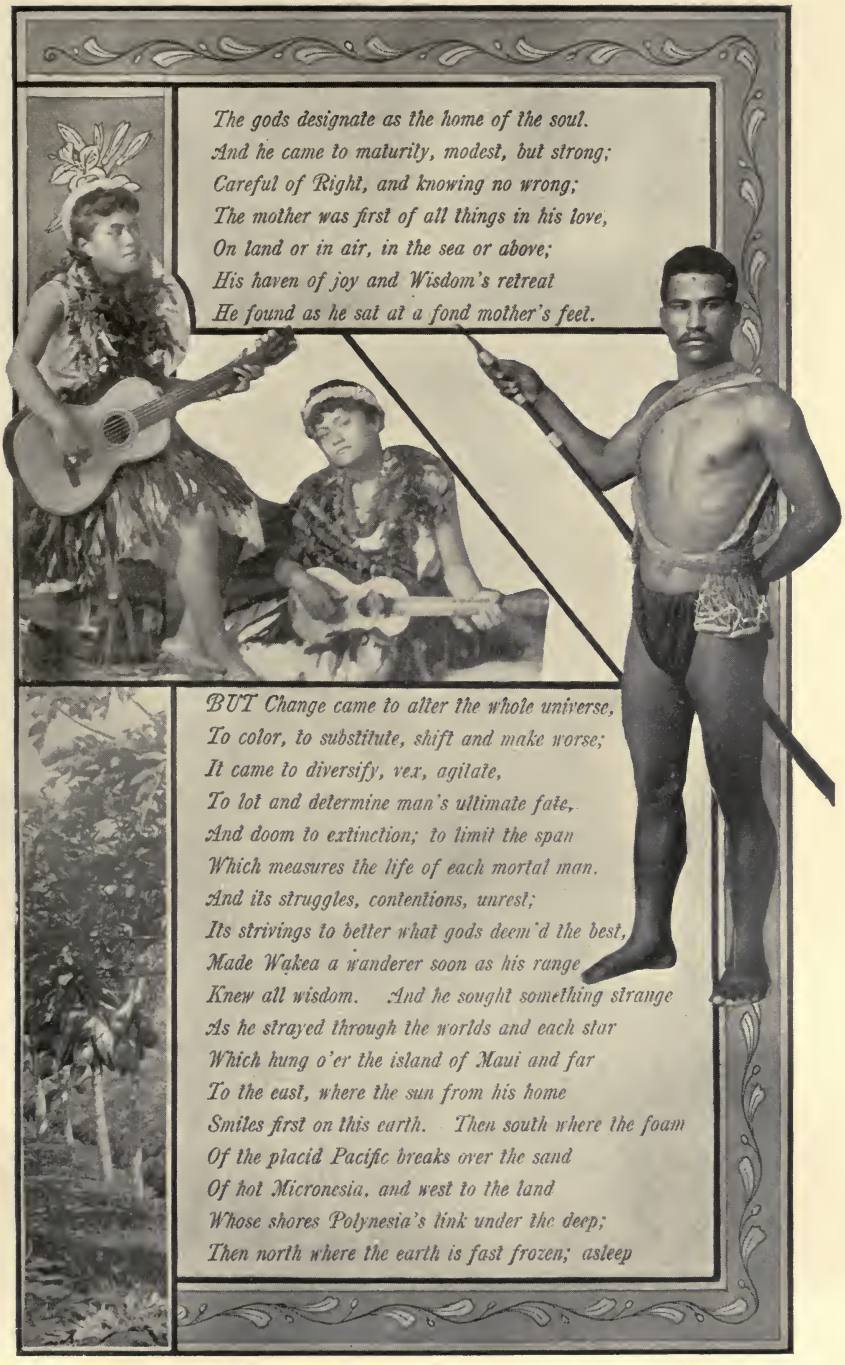
OF A DAY, as the goddess rode shoreward, a swell
From the caves where the mermaidens dwell,
Swept over the ocean in great walls of foam,
Which broke in the garden of her palace home;

And a dolphin rode ever by fair Io's side,
Which, carried so far by the soft wanton tide
From its home, lay gasping and warm
On the sand, pillowed and held by the arm
Of the goddess. Then crimson it grew as the glow
Of the sun in the west when his crest sinks below
The horizoned circle of Time's rounded globe;
Then golden and bright as the glittering robe
Of the morning; blue as the sky when the sentinel stars
Are watching the transit of red burning Mars;
And yellow, maroon, green, olive and white;
And last in its colors, incandescent bright,
'Twas like a great opal in flame spots of red,
Transparent and glowing; and the fish god was dead.
And the goddess of Reason saw, where was a god,
A man, who arose and stood firm on the sod
Of the lawn. Darkness came then o'er the mountain
and sea,

A wind cold as death sighed through blossoms and tree;
And the gods of the earth to the fair valley came
Hastening and fearful. All cast the sad blame
Upon Io, who found this new being with aspect so strange,
Whom they knew as Wakea, the man god of Change.



THUS came into being Wakea and Death;
And so came the Darkness, with this god's first breath;
But a mother's heart loved him, and, as the years ran,
She polished and cultured the father of man;
Taught him all Wisdom, and Knowledge, and Art;
All skill in all things in which gods have a part;
The law of Dynamics, of Fluids and Light,
Of Sound and of Distance; how Mind made its flight
To travel the universe; nor was there left aught
Within the unlimited regions of Thought,
Unknown to Wakea. The Arts lost to-day
For him were amusements, were but childish play.
And he wander'd a wildering labyrinth maze
Of intricate fancy, where, clear as the rays
Of the sun when 'tis noontide, pure Wisdom sees
Each sculptured figure on cornice and frieze,
Which ornament passages in the great whole



The gods designate as the home of the soul.
And he came to maturity, modest, but strong;
Careful of Right, and knowing no wrong;
The mother was first of all things in his love,
On land or in air, in the sea or above;
His haven of joy and Wisdom's retreat
He found as he sat at a fond mother's feet.

BUT Change came to alter the whole universe,
To color, to substitute, shift and make worse;
It came to diversify, vex, agitate,
To lot and determine man's ultimate fate,
And doom to extinction; to limit the span
Which measures the life of each mortal man.
And ils struggles, contentions, unrest;
Its strivings to better what gods deem'd the best,
Made Wakea a wanderer soon as his range
Knew all wisdom. And he sought something strange
As he strayed through the worlds and each star
Which hung o'er the island of Maui and far
To the east, where the sun from his home
Smiles first on this earth. Then south where the foam
Of the placid Pacific breaks over the sand
Of hot Micronesia, and west to the land
Whose shores Polynesia's link under the deep;
Then north where the earth is fast frozen; asleep

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In the clasp of cold winter. And he found but a grave
Of deep silence, for neither on land, in air or on wave
Was a man. Only the gods dwelt calm and content
At Maui. But wide o'er the world as Wakea went,
In his search for variety, he saw not a place where a ray
Could add to the light of the god's perfect day.
And yet wandered he, disturbed and distress'd,
Seeking he knew not, and losing forever his rest.

THUS he came to Hawaii, a warm tropic isle,
Which blossom'd and bask'd in the sun's constant smile;

And wearied and worn he lay down 'neath the shade
Of a palm in a wide flowery glade,
Which enters the mountains near
Kona. And sleep
Like an odor came, when zephyrs
creep
Soft over plains where the poppy
is sown,
And wooed him to rest, but he
slept all alone.

IO, the mother, who had watched her child's flight,
Came with low winds to fan and with shadows the light

Of the sun's rays to slake.
And her heart sighed to see
The workings of Change; and
she sat 'neath the tree

While the sun ran his course and the stars one by one
Smiled down from the pathway o'er which he had run;
And still slept the boy. Then came the morning again,
As silent the sun god arose from the main
And opened the gates for the morn to pass through.
And the mother in troubled, compassionate rue
Sat, with no thought which could comfort, console,
The child which she loved with the whole
Of her being. Thus, while he slumbered and Io waited,
O'er the sea came a turtle-dove, lone and unmated,
With sweet, plaintive cry, and it flew to the palm
Where Wakea slumbered; its notes seemed a balm
To his spirit, for, smiling, he rose and called to the bird,
Which came at his call, and when Io heard
The tones of his voice, their longing request
For companionship, till now all unbless'd
By responses, her soul moved with pity, her hand
Stretched to fondle the bird, and she clasped the deep band
Of color which bound the smooth throat; and there came
Such a change as astonished the gods when they saw,
And filled mother and son with Love's new-found awe.
For the dove was no more, but a woman was there,

Fond as the dove, but more beautiful, star-eyed and fair
Than all the bright visions which Change or its dreams
Had pictured or mirrored in Fancy's wide streams.

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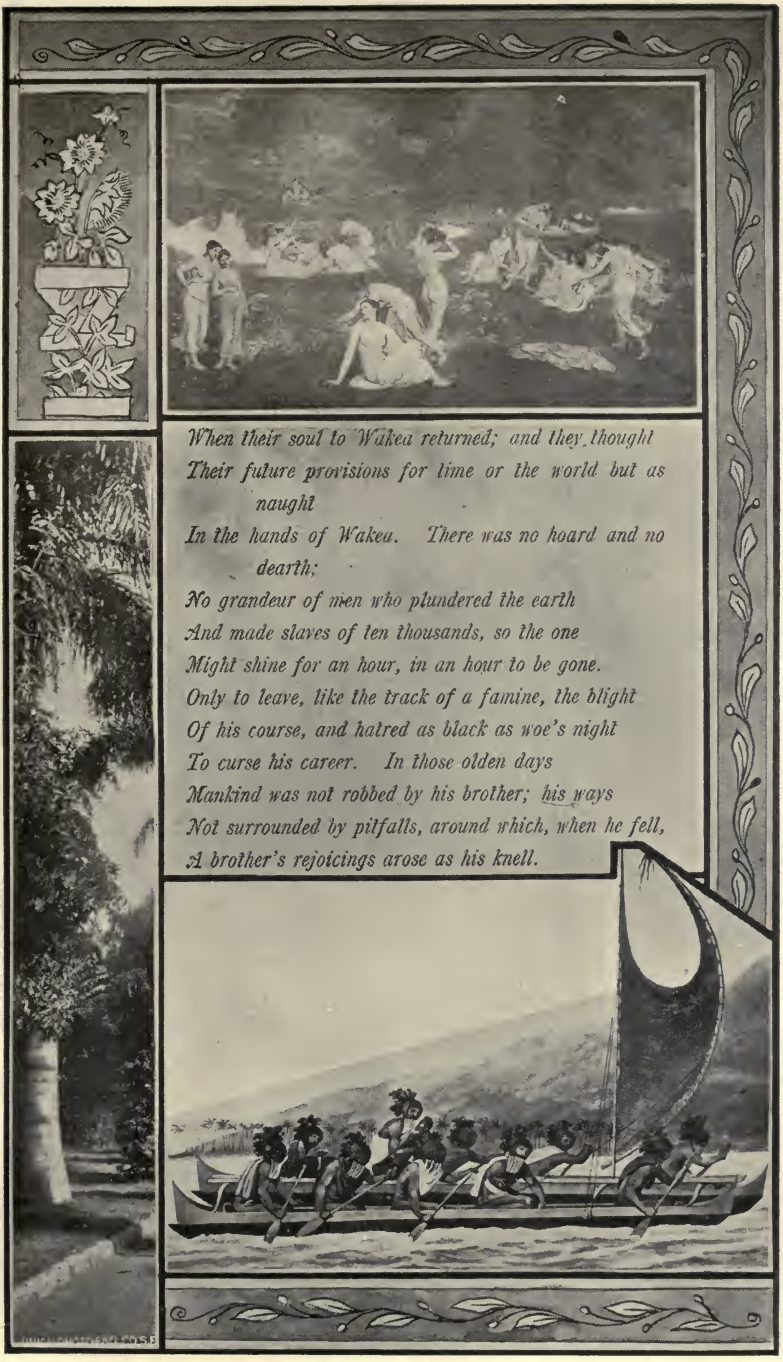
SO came Kakahiaka, the morn,
And the mother of men; from her and Wakea were born

All the peoples which spread o'er the earth from each pole,
Till they met yet again where the mighty sea's roll
Sounds deep on the shores of Hawaii. And Wakea all
Men knew as Father, and Peace o'er the earth's rounded ball,
Like the smile of a morning in May,
Threw her mantle. Men lived and loved on till the day



When their soul to Wakea returned; and they thought
Their future provisions for time or the world but as
naught
In the hands of Wakea. There was no hoard and no
dearth;
No grandeur of men who plundered the earth
And made slaves of ten thousands, so the one
Might shine for an hour, in an hour to be gone.
Only to leave, like the track of a famine, the blight
Of his course, and hatred as black as woe's night
To curse his career. In those olden days
Mankind was not robbed by his brother; his ways
Not surrounded by pitfalls, around which, when he fell,
A brother's rejoicings arose as his knell.

WAKEA, the god, knew the Wahine as mate,
And, his heart with new pleasure at once all elate,
He clasped his companion whom the gods of the air
Had given him; satisfied each, and all unaware
Of the presence of Io, they hastened away,
Constrained by the giddy, transmutable sway
Which Change o'er her votaries forever wields;

And Io, in sorrow, returned to the yam fields
Of Maui. But once more they met till those years
When the gods left the earth and wandered in spheres
Where man was unable to follow; then Wakea came
To mourn the sad fate of man and to blame
The high gods who created this being, and gave
Him his great capabilities, then left him a slave

To the fawnings of Hope. Who sent age as a jester to jeer
At his efforts; and Death with his phantoms of fear
To poison his happiness. Left him blind to the future and lone,
In a desert of wonderment, 'fore the unknown.
Death with cold fingers reached out for his best,
And Fear robbed Desire of its acme of zest.
So Wakea came to his mother for succor and aid,
At the fair isle of Maui, and, mourning, he said:

"THIS have I found, and my soul it fills with dread.
That all must, some day, whatsoe'er the life they've led.
Grow old, unlovely, weak, bowed down with weight of years;
And though men lock up Love and Life as close as fears
Can conjure, so that Night and Day their breaths are one,
Yet Time can come and filch, for Time moves on,
And thus steals passions, grace and youth away,
As black Night steals the rose-gleam from the hills of gray,
Which fade to darkness. And I've wondered how dear Love
Might save her sweetness spite of Time; below, above,
Or somewhere 'mid the whirling spheres, in that place or this,
Hold fast the life which here men, living, miss.

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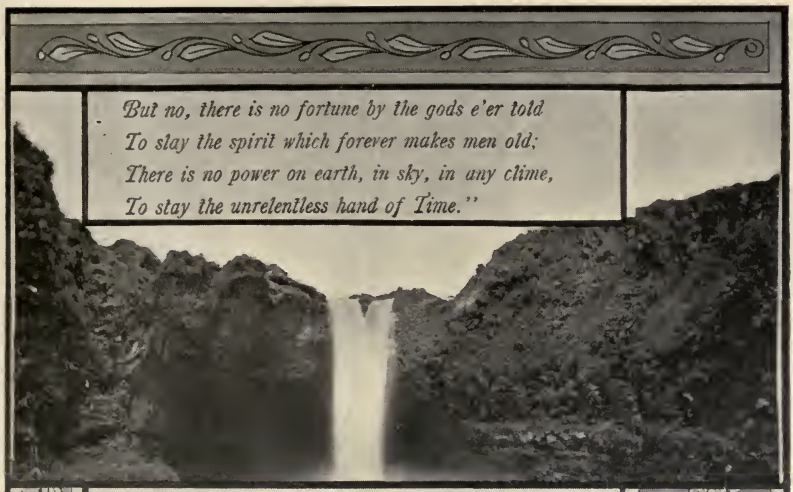

But no, there is no fortune by the gods e'er told
To slay the spirit which forever makes men old;
There is no power on earth, in sky, in any clime,
To stay the unrelentless hand of Time."

BOWING then his head, Wakea slowly paced the vale
Where Io dwelt in Maui; while his mother told the tale
Of ages. How Matter, Soul, Intellect and Mind
But served a purpose fixed, each in class and kind
Determined by the Sovereign God, whose laws,
Inscrutable to gods, were never questioned nor their cause
Or effect e'er impugned. How every god who rules the wave,
Sighs in the breeze, or with his hand of bounty gave
Its perfume to the rose, or guides the chariot of the sun,
Or lights the stars when Darkness says the day is done,
But does his part in one grand universal Whole,
Of which the Sovereign God is essence and the Soul.
Not smallest atom floating in the hazy realms of space,
Not tiny insect as a thought can even trace,
Can in the Omniscient's all-pervading plan
Be once omitted, is not indispensable as man.
"Why does man murmur? See the stems of grain
Which raise the wheat buds to the sun and fruitful rain;
Do they question why the providence of God
Has willed that each return unto the clod
From which it sprung, as soon as harvest time is o'er?
What claim has man upon the gods for any more

Consideration? Intelligence? A borrowed thing
Which gives his imperfections but an added sting;
A soul? The gods gave and, like the ripened seed,
The gods shall garner, irrespective of man's need.
No, man is yet a particle so atomistic small,

When compared with the unbounded, infinite All.
That other worlds know not of his existence; shall not know
He lived. Yet each one of all these myriad worlds, which go

With constellated splendors through the solar year,
Is filled with life. Man has no need to stand in awe
of Death, or fear
The withering breath of age. The gods will keep their
own;
'Tis only mortal man who, dying, shall thus quite alone
For man's wrong-doing; the Spirit free, becomes again
The god and, resuming rule as in his former reign,
Forgets the squalid meanness, bounded by the narrow
view
Of mortal apprehension. Men
will steadily pursue
The circle of their own conceit;
in dreary dullness plod
Striving for the earth and earn-
ing but a mouldy clod.
No, Wakea, go bid your weep-
ing mortals dry their tears
And, taught by their servants,
the wide-eyed, patient steers,
Which bear the yoke of man's
contriving, endure their load,
With resignation, 'long Life's short but weary road.
Bid them dream no more of future worlds of bliss;
Man ends his course, lives out his lot in this."

Part the Third

IN THE first days of man's creation, before his children spread
Throughout the world, pastoral were the ways his fancy led.
To tend his flocks and watch the growing herd
Browse on the juicy herbage, while the bright-winged bird
Sang ever near the pasture; to live long years of peace,
And see his children and his joys increase,
Filled up the measure of his cares. No war was made on life
To feed man's hunger; Love and Mercy, prevalent and rife,
Stretched forth the kindly hand of strength to shield
The smallest living creature in the wood or field.
Man claimed no right to plunder, hunt or kill
By reason of superior wisdom or his greater skill;
In each breathing thing a brother's form he saw,
Which lived and died by the same perfect law
That gave him being. Then was Nature's brotherhood;
Happiness for self, for all God's creatures good.

BUT Change and Death wrought ever side by side.
Men talked of a future, while some there were who cried
Out against the gods' decrees and questioned, "when and why?"
Wondered, speculated; smiled when men were born, and wept to see them die;
Said, "For posterity men should have a care;"
And argued long, with most important, solemn air,
That the gods gave man reason, clearly thus to mark

His rank above the brute; that this divine and godly spark
Inspired men with a zeal to build, on earth, a name
To be remembered; and then men worshipped Fame;
And strove with Death to hold their crumbling crown;
And dared bent Time to hurl their fabrics down.
Yet Time and Death passed, each his separate way,
And left forgetfulness, mould and rank decay
To mark the spot where proudest monument was raised
Rememorative of one the world had, some time, praised.

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BUT some great hearts who saw beyond the vail
Which hides the future; some spirits saddened by the wail
That rose in clamor from the low, the base and mean,
Those mortals who are ever heard and ever seen
When betterment of self or betterment of theirs
Or some enlargement of estate or heirs
Is but considered, to Wakea came and prayed
That he would give some sign to guide the feet which strayed
From paths of wisdom; some token by which men should know
The road to happiness, the thorny ways of woe.
Thus Wakea taught, and they who listened grew
In knowledge; but they numbered only few:

"MAN to be miserable needs only to be weak,
Yet man's most capital fault and weakness seek,
And you will find, whatsoe'er his station be,
Beggar or prince, in slavish bonds or free,
He struggles most and most he treasures power,
To guard his tenure even for one single hour,
Of those frail flowers of Fame which crown his brow,
Nor recks where he obtains them, when or how.
There is no end, no ebbing turn of tide

To human greed, to vanity or human pride.
The changing form of all the joy he grasps;
The fragile form which his better spirit clasps;
The hollowness of all those ravished raptures sweet,
Beneath the gaudy draperies complete
Which hide Life's tinseled pomp and pleasures vain,
With all its shabbiness, its falseness and its pain,
Should teach men virtue and life's lesson trite,
That Happiness is doing, always, right.

"AND what is life? Darkness all and silence first,
Chaos, mocking, vacant and accurs'd,
Then next but lotus thoughts, unformed and dim,
Which on black, shoreless waters swim;
Then smiles and joys, with grief and many tears,
Infinite strife and ghastly, spectre fears;
Then once again the circling wheel of Change comes round,
And Darkness, Death and Ashes in the grave of all is found;
An isle fantastic, cramped, chimerical and small
Is human Life, and that, for man, is all.

"AND man who struts this island vain and mean;
And laughs its shifting shores between;
And runs that way and hurries after this,
Fearful that some paltry Change he'll miss,
But chases shadows, evanescent and unreal;
And shall, whatever he may think or feel,
However much he make, how love, or burn with hate;
How cringe 'fore Fear or, lured by Hope, anticipate,
But return to dust, like all his teeming fancies, when
He's launched upon the waves of Time's dark pathless Then.
This is man's end, so has been; and ever so shall be
Throughout the span men name Eternity.

"BUT Virtue, Truth and Justice, each shall live when Time,
With all his show of marvels, all his farce and mime,
Shall be no more. For these three answer at the call
Of Makuakane, He, the Sovereign God of all.
And, after man with all his petty strife and senseless fears,
With all his Falsehood, Baseness and Injustice, disappears,
This trinity shall lead man's Spirit, by the pathway trod

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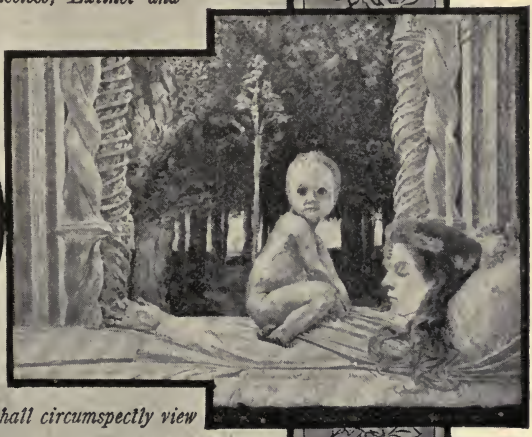
Of all returning Souls, back to its giver, God,
And never taint of Earth, nor Sin, nor Vice
nor any crime,
Shall foul God's essence with their grossness
or their grime.
Man may abuse his body till the yawning grave
Receive it; the Spirit, swift, to Him who
gave,
Returns unsullied. The body, from which
the Soul has fled,
Is, remains forever, Senseless, Extinct and
Dead.



"WHEN all mankind shall circumspectly view
Bodies politic and, watchful, thoughtfully
pursue
Their histories with mind deliberate and
honest heart;
Shall fathom quite the sophist's keen falla-
cious art,
By which fair words ill deeds but cover and
conceal;
By which the wily few, unchecked, wreck
public weal,
They must God's Power and Wisdom then
confess;

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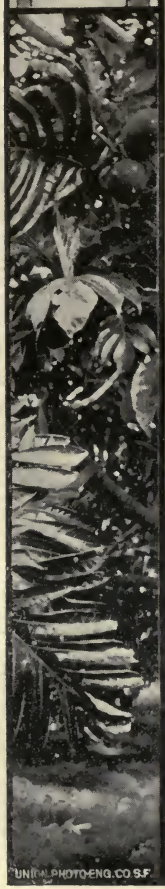
Must see man's Pleasure and his real Happiness
Upon this earth, was not the divine, or perfect plan
Of God's design when He Created Mortal Man.

"WITHIN the bitter cup which all mankind must taste
Are many sorrows, many natural evils placed;
And every Art by human knowledge used,
And every Method, Motive, Law, or Policy abused
To cure these evils, since those first happy, gladsome days,
When joyous stars together sang fond Nature's praise,



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Have only served to magnify, to heighten and to aggravate,
Or bring new mischiefs into man's low estate.
How long, just God, before dumb man, shall own
The sway of nature? Shall let her voice be heard and known;
Shall heed her counsels kind, which always plainly say
Which is the juster, milder or more most gracious way?
For Mind, Ambition, eager strive, and only see
The triumphs of their skill and subtlety;
And never stop to count their senseless store
So long as conquest, pursuit offers more.

"NO PLAGUE has so God's straying people rent
As that they name their social government;

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No cause of dungeons, tortures, racks and chains,
Gibbets, murders, anguish, groans and agonizing pains,
Is quite so apt in every wile and guise sophistic
As that men call the Church, ecclesiastic.

These two, as all men's woes and ills relate,
For reasons known as the "Concerns of State,"
Have robbed and plundered far and near,
Awed by their craft and sternly ruled by Fear;
Have made the Truth her throne forsake,
Dissimulation's feigning way to make,
Until to-day, on earth's tear-watered face,
Liberty and Virtue have no 'biding place;
For instead of their own unpolluted state,
There's some defiling, ill made adulterate.
And all for what? Because man's made of better clay

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Than beasts and plants, which flourish and decay;
And thus man proves his wisdom and his worth
By becoming baser than the vilest thing on earth."

MOST men from
the teachings of
Wakea turned
To the grimace of
some stony idol,
and spurned

The gods of their fathers; said, "Men could not wait
for ages unborn
For the good which the gods came to teach men should
scorn;
Man wants assurance that for lives broken and sore,
He shall live again, love again, on some fairer shore."
Great temples were builded to gods called "Unknown;"
Men sacrificed to appease, and the expiring groan
Of the victims so slain, drowned for a season the plaint
Of the just; and the poison, the tinge and the taint
Of corruption spread over the earth like a pall.
Men parcelled the globe; slaves came at their call;
Springs in Life's desert, the waters which ran
From great rivers, were owned by the fortunate man
Who first came upon them; and water was sold
From the wells of the gods, to enhance the gold
Of the men who enclosed them; newcomers found
But nakedness, barrenness, all the world round;
For those who were born when the lands were divided,
Were the only souls who had life-holds provided.
At last men gave to olden gods no thought or heed,
But followed, taught, and only looked to Greed;

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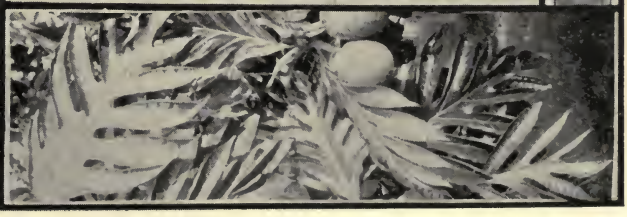
They forgot Age and Death, forgot Fear and Pain,
In the maddening race for fleeting wealth and gain.

Then the gods departed from their old-time home
At Maui, throughout the starry realms to roam,
Until the time when man with all his lusts shall
disappear,
And cease to cumber this immortal, deathless sphere.



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WHEN the god Wakea saw the cheating fruits of Change,
Saw men through Nature's gardens discontented range,
Seeking blossoms which, in maddened haste, they lay
Aside, soon as, glimmering faint and far away,
Some other bloom by ignus fatuus light,
Beguiled their fancy or obscured their sight;
And how Deceit, Chicane and wanton War

Drew Death's triumphal, glutton car,
Which robbed men, e'en the wisest and the best,
Of happiness, contentment, peace and quiet rest;
How Virtue, Truth and Justice could not e'en enhance
The lotteried whirligig of undulated Chance,
Whose highest wave of fortune bore in very scorn,
The mean, ignoble, and the base and lowly born;
His soul was moved and sadly questioned then
God's wisdom which created striving men.

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IN DEEP sleep then Wakea sank, and there came
A vision of the Future; and he saw the very name
Of God forgotten; saw the teeming world to Greed
Abandoned, and the moiling millions bleed

Beneath the tyranny which brother mortals held
In shining heaps; while unfed misery ever swelled
An eating sore, a cankered, sullen hurt;
A starving beggar 'mid the golden piles of magnetizing dirt;
Then he saw the high, the Sovereign God of all
Torn down, and, in the dust beneath the awful fall,
Men fought and slew with frightful hand of hate

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The opulent, who saw, for man's assistance all too late
How Greed, the worldly-minded Deity,
Seals up that confidence and trust which, free,
Would spread and foster all the common ties which bind
The brotherhood of mortal man, of humankind.

CHANGING yet, the troubled dream became confused;
No laws; no power supreme: Virtue but a name abused;
Individuals knew no pleasure but their own;
By anarchy the terror brands of waste were thrown,
Which kindled into conflagration's common flame
All men's possessions; then Darkness o'er the vision came,
From which the cries of savage conflict grew
And died away; and then the dreaming man-god knew
That man, with all his schemes and all his works, was o'er;
That gods would rehabilitate the world once more.

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THE god awoke, and, last of all his race divine,
Departed from the isle of Maui, but he left a sign
Which man nor hoary age can e'er defile;
Summer smiles eternal in this "Garden Isle;"
Here man may live untrammeled, love, and see
Buds, blooms and fruitage on the same rose-apple tree,
The favor of the gods forever rests upon
The Isle of Maui, tropic Palace of the Sun.

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